THE SCEPTRE

EASTER
NUMBER

THE SCEPTRE

APRIL, 1934

EASTER NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF

QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE

CONTENTS

Editorial ---------- *Five*

Pictures ---------- *Six*

Chinese Mystery ---------- *Eight*

"Non Omnis Mariar" ---------- *Nine*

Poem ---------- *Thirteen*

Music ---------- *Thirteen*

Symphony in a Beer Garden ---------- *Fourteen*

Violets ---------- *Sixteen*

Mid-winter Night ---------- *Seventeen*

Three Sketches ---------- *Nineteen*

Early Morning in North Hall ---------- *Twenty-two*

Jeannies' Song ---------- *Twenty-three*

Book Reviews ---------- *Twenty-six*

Exchanges ---------- *Twenty-seven*

Who's Who ---------- *Twenty-eight*

As They See Us ---------- *Twenty-nine*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

https://archive.org/details/sceptreapril193406quee

SOAR WE NOW WHERE CHRIST HAS LED
FOLLOWING OUR EXALTED HEAD
MADE LIKE HIM, LIKE HIM WE RISE;
OURS THE CROSS, THE GRAVE, THE SKIES
C. WESLEY 1739
-MARGARET GILLIAM-

THE SCEPTRE

The Official Literary Publication of the Students of Queens-Chicora College

FOUNDED 1928

Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

VOLUME 6 APRIL, 1934 NUMBER 3

KATHERINE MCLESKEY—*Editor*
MARGARET ASHCRAFT—*Business Manager*
MARGARET TRUESDALE—*Assistant Editor*
FRANCES RIPPLEMEYER—*Literary Editor*
MARY FRANCES EHRLICH—*Book Reviews and Exchange Editor*
VIRGINIA SAMPSON—*Poetry Editor*
MARTHA WARD—*Art Editor*
FRANCES RALEY—*Circulation Manager*
MARGARET GILLIAM—*Assistant Business Manager*
DR. AGNES STOUT—*Advisor*

Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain *others* with them.

2 And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

3 And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

4 And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

5 And as they were afraid, and bowed down *their* faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

6 He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

7 Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

8 And they remembered his words,

9 And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

ST. LUKE 24

PICTURES

EVE HILL

1

Yellow, glaring Judean sun
On a dusty earth
Whose crust, by three cross ends was deeply traced.
And dampened spots, eloquently spaced,
Dull red and warm
Upon the path, had told their silent story.
Story of three whose days were almost done
Of One who said, "Woman, Behold Thy Son."

2

That One they nailed to the cross
Their lots cast down.
Upon his head they placed a crown
It was a crowd of thorns it's true
But 'twas a crown
A reed for a sceptre they gave my Lord
And hailed Him King of the Jews

Sadly, compassionately came from above
"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

3

Outside the city, upon a hill,
Golgatha, the place of the skull,
Three Roman crosses stood
Carrying human weight upon their backs of wood.
Groanings and cursings on every side
Limp bodies twisted in pain
A curse, a broken prayer of "Lord, remember me"
Answered "This day, in Paradise shall thou be with me."

4

Relentless heat of midday sun
Of scorching, steady winds
From desert Passes
Stiffling dust stirred by the feet of
Restless, straining masses

So vinegar mixed with gall they pressed
To the parched lips which groaned, "I thirst."

5

Darkness, potent, stilling all sound
Suddenly awaken by cries of terrified children
Wails of women, confusion rising higher higher
Jangle of Centurian arms—the shouting dies
Mother's hush their babies cries
Quiet settles, dark, vibrant quiet
Ominous darkness—an anguished voice
Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani
My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

6

Darkness, waiting, surpressed restlessness
Thirty-three years
Humble birth, humble life, teachings, parable, miracles
tears
The sightless eyes of Galgotha grow dim
Blood perhaps.
My Lord bowed down His head and said,
"It is finished."

7

Darkness—rumbling—louder, louder—
The earth did quake—trees twisted and bent
Graves opened bodies of saints which slept—arose—
Inert the form on the center cross
Salvation's requisite

The quiet voice, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Today upon Galgotha's hill
Black shadowed are three crosses still
Look intently at the center—then into the skies

CHINESE EASTER

FLORENCE MOFFETT

China didn't know about our Easter until we told them. Of course she knew that this same most beautiful season reappeared with its newness every year,—a newness bringing the fresh green mulberry buds so tasty to the silk worm, a newness skipping with the breezes and playing in the scented pinkness of the peach blossoms where lightly-suspended, gently-tinkling bits of painted glass melodied their springy presence, a newness that filled dingy little houseboats with mellow gold melons.

And for this same most beautiful season,—starting with the Tsing ming (new year) decoration of graves when each mound—even the poor, slouchy ones—was topped with its characteristic bunch of cut colored paper held down by a scoop of yellow dirt,—her busy yellow people prepared through the Wang Mei Tien (yellow mold days) usually lasting through a month of misty darkness and hibernation . . . . Then spring!

Now in the midst of all this typical Orient the still more typical occident is trying to plant our idea of Easter. What do we have that's worthy of planting so laboriously over there? Are we trying to sell them something? Undoubtedly, but what? Is it chocolate bunnies, chicks and bright colored eggs, or is it bevies of chic new designs in suits, dresses and Easter hats? These might predominate on the ribbon-like coast where well-dressed yet often queer-looking tourists plant themselves for a few hours expecting to learn all about China.

But is it the multi-dyed eggs or the latest hats we would give China as our greatest gift from the Occident? Ages-old, majestic China doesn't need these things; she needs a greater gift. A greater gift has been offered and we need to follow it up for deep in the heart of China someone has planted Christ; and he can't be uprooted. This Easter may He arise in the hearts of many so that this season may embody more than the newness of mulberry leaves, and frilly-fragrant, pink, peach blossoms.

"NON OMNIS MARIAR"

ALMA EDWARDS

Students who were privileged to be members of Vergil classes in 1930 witnessed a birthday commemoration unique in literary history—the two thousandth birthday of the poet Vergil. And indeed students in High Schools and Colleges, though they had had no previous direct acquaintance with this great "Lord of Language," will recall the tremendous interest with which that celebration was followed. Vergil was made to live again through study and lectures, through magazine articles and newspaper editorials, through cruise itineraries to the chief places of his activities, and through renewed and intensified interest in the world's greatest epic poem.

Next year Horace, Rome's greatest lyric poet, will be two thousand years old, and the literary world is making its plans now to participate in a second remarkable celebration.

On an occasion of this kind when the world is about to crown the personality and works of an ancient lord, one cannot but reflect upon the story of this influence and upon some of the dynamic qualities which have survived so many generations of men. What is the explanation of his appeal? If we could understand the forces of past civilizations as they are interwoven into the fabric of our own modern life, and if we could understand more clearly the nature of our inheritance from the past, would we not be able to comprehend more wisely the direction and values of currents in our own day?

To know Horace is to enter into a great communion of twenty centuries. Through him we look into the hearts of men in his own day and in all times since his day. By knowing him we can share his taste, his charity, his sane and kindly wisdom, and above all his friendly affection. We shall find in his clear vision the sources of our own happiness, and in his illusive good humor we can learn a lesson of charity toward our fellows. Whether we find it easy to define the charm he spreads about us, we cannot escape becoming aware of the power which he has wielded in the lives of men, and of the appeal which he has for our time.

It is possible here to consider only a few of the many phases of our life which are touched by Horace. Is there any other poet who has interpreted with such clear-cut distinctness the beauty and fruitfulness of the countryside? In Virgil's Georgics, Nature is portrayed as a hard and un-

relenting mistress who holds out to hardy men rich rewards of the soil. But with Horace we learn to love the permanent in nature. We are to enjoy the spring anemone all the more because it will come again. Nature is always triumphant—the oak tree, the funereal cypress, the bright flower of the too-short-lived rose, the purple clustered vine wedded to the elm, cooling streams and welcome shade for sheep and languid shepherd, leaves flying in the wind; and crowning all, a farmer content with his simple lot:

"A piece of land not over large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly;
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood"

Horace and his Sabine Farm—inseparable.

Perhaps a more universal appeal to us is our poet's inspiration for sane living. Our world needs his homely wisdom in his appeal for an evaluation of our unbought possessions. As he looks out upon his world of restless humanity and sees men swept like dust in the wind, straining after the objects of their ambition, he reminds them in clear-cut phrases that they are at best only slaves to their desires. And how foolish! Life is brief, and to miss contentment is to miss all. Soon all must face inevitable death. Prince or peasant, adown the wandering stream we all must go.

"The wave we all must one day surely sail
Who live and breathe within this mortal vale."

If at first this picture seems sombre and cheerless, we shall find a moment later a light and colorful relief:

"Seek not to pierce the morrow's haze,
But for the moment render praise."

Life does have its evils and its bitter end, but there is still much to make us happy. If we are content with life's lot and look not for perfect happiness, we shall know the patience that will lighten our load and help us to seize the passing hour. Living can be an art, beautiful like a symmetrical building. Faithfulness to friends, devotion to plain duty, will yield a meed of joy well worth our seeking.

Again shall we not sit with our poet and catch the mild amusement of his smile as he contemplates us "strutting on our stage?" Never a carping critic except where gross blunders and stupidity poison the sources of life, Horace holds up a mirror for the reflection of our foibles. The man discontented with his lot, the man greedy for wealth or for the fulfillment of ambition feels his disapproval.

"Tell me, Maecenas, if you can,
How comes it that no mortal man
Is with his life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim?"

Or again:

"Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
Of burying your heaps of gold
And silver in some darkling hole,
With trepidation in your soul?"

And here we take a genial glance at the ill-famed bore who trailed by Horace's side, against all protest, determined to make his way into a coveted literary circle. Down the Sacred Way they went, Horace longing for escape but finding none in the Bore's

"My mind's made up to stick by you,
So where you go, there I'll go too."

And now up comes Aristius, wickedly obtuse as Horace eagerly begins

"To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms that feel, but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see,
Imploring him to rescue me."

But no help here—

"Away the rascal bolted like an arrow
And left me underneath the Larrow."

Do we sometimes forget the cares our neighbor's wealth has cost him? Then we should read "The Country Mouse" and how he went

"Where shining ivory couches vied
With coverlets in purple dyed."

But how can dainty scraps be preferred to wild woods and caves if one must live half dead from fright at the coarse baying of Molossian hounds?

"Give me my woods and cavern.
There at least I'm safe."

Even in a very brief treatment of Horace one cannot fail to allude to his great influence upon the character of literature since his day. It is through writers like Milton, Pope, Kipling, Thackeray, Conington, and others that Horace lives for many. Goethe says of him "A great glowing noble poet, full of heart, who with the power of his sweet song, sweeps us along, lifts us, inspires us." Our present exacting ideal of translation in all fields is very likely due to the struggle of the centuries with the diffi-

culties of rendering Horace in a foreign language. And even those of us who do not read him in the original, must at least recognize his great force through the ages as a whetstone for genius. He has become a part of the life-blood of our enlightenment.

In any treatment of Horace's poetry one must give consideration to his appeal to our imagination as much as to his echo of our experience. Is not one of the essential effects of poetry the power to stir the heart by pure delight? Is it not possible that these "trifles light as air" have power greater than we are aware in refining and strengthening the fiber of our life? None who have read Horace can ever cease to gain pleasure from that exquisite little Ode "To the Baudusian Spring" of which there are almost as many translations as readers. One of the four stanzas as translatd by Mr. Showerman reads:

"The dog-star's fiercely blazing hour
Ne'er with its heat doth change thy pool;
To wandering block and plough-worn steer
Thou givest waters fresh and cool."

And we shall feel the call of spring in these lines:

"Biting winter's frost is going,
And the smiling spring-wind blowing,
And the sailor rigs his boat along the shore;
Flocks roam now the pastures wide,
The ploughman leaves the ingleside,
And the whitened mead with hoarfrost gleams no more."

And who would not like to spend his "melancholy day" in some cool retreat:

"Where the broad pine and poplar white,
To join their hospitable shade
With intertwisted boughs delight,
And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
Labors the winding stream to run,
Trembling and glittering in the sun."

These are some of the intimate and warming qualities which have kept Horace alive in the thoughts of men these two thousand years. They are qualities which endear him to men, long out of college, immersed in the busy cares of life. And it is because of the enrichment he has brought the world through these qualities that the world in turn will bring him tribute now.

Hail, dear Horace, and—many happy returns!

POEM

The lovely lady of the sea has strong, clean hands
That carefully pile up and slope the restless sands
In dunes; and hold within their palms the white-winged ships,
That poise like butterflies upon a flower's lips.
She lifts a hand and brushes from her hair
A puff of cloud; then, with a girlish air
Pins down her scarf of blue with bands of rainbow mist.
A shimm'ring bird is balanced on one slender wrist;
And, with a lazy finger of her other hand,
She draws a shadow of sea-grass upon the sand.

KATHERINE MCLESKEY

MUSIC

Like a low-hung fog
Music pervades my being
And drips its ecstacies
Into my soul, freeing
It from mortal bondage,
Loosing it into fields
Gold-drenched by the mellowness
Of sunlight to which it yields.
Here in the still-hushed forest,
By man long since forsook
It sheds bright tears of joy
In the soundless depths of a brook.

VIRGINIA E. SAMPSON

SYMPHONY IN A BEER GARDEN

FRANCES RALEY

Her name was April Jones—if that meant anything. One sometimes thought that it did, that it was quite fitting that she should have that odd mixture of the exotic and ordinary for a name. She was like that.

He ran across her first in a flower shop on 39th street. He was buying flowers for a not-so-important friend and had left the selection up to the florist. One of his assistants made a tentative choice and brought the flowers up front for his approval. They were riotously mixed garden flowers—larkspur in happy colors, spiced pinks, and ragged robins. They were delightfully unconventional and breathtakingly lovely. He wondered immediately about the girl who would make such a choice. He glanced up, and drowned helplessly in the most remarkable pair of eyes he had ever seen. They were grey with black flecks in them; they were limpid, and liquid, yet they danced with ecstatic highlights. Sooty lashes framed them, and her thin black eyebrows came toward each other in a wistful pucker. Her nose was a trifle too short and ended in a half-hearted lilt. Her mouth was really pink, a little wide, and suggestive of super-sensitiveness. There was a spattering of freckles over the cheekbones of the piquant face that would have been heart-shaped had she eaten more spinach. Her hair was loosely wavy, and the gold glints on the darker brown reminded him of April suns dodging dark clouds.

He must have stared at her quite insanely, because she burst into a sudden, gay, lilting laughter, and just as suddenly sobered, caught her upper lip between her teeth and blushed a heavenly pink. He smiled then, and that was what started that absurd friendship between a quite eligible bachelor and a florist.

She had demurred at first when he had started seeing her, but soon she took the friendship for what it was. He didn't take her the usual places. Teas and that sort of tripe would have bored her anyway. He took her places only tourists go—and some they don't. You know, places like the Ghetto, the upper Avenue, the Metropolitan, and Coney. She especially liked the art museums. She had an instinctive taste for good painting. She would stand for long moments before some enigmatic bit of work, her small body vibrating with the very emotions that the master

had painted onto the canvas. He took her, on coveted occasions, to the Sunday symphonies. Watching her respond to that music was one of the thrills of a life. She simply breathed with every throb of the violin, and he could see her holding her breath in sheer agony at the beauty of the cello's sob.

That was her response to life. She did not pretend to understand what motivated the emotions of the masses, but she certainly understood the emotions, and lived them over again herself. She wept with the three-legged kittens that strayed out of the alleys, and giggled whole-heartedly when the kids splashed water on the fat cop in Hyde Park. She was naive, and yet she had an understanding of humanity that was far too mature for her childish body. She was too sincere to be afraid of a wisdom that would have prevented her living so intensely; consequently, she suffered the agonies of the legions every day. But then she shared their scarce and mediocre laughter.

They were both very surprised, a little frightened, and very tremulously happy that May morning when they found themselves married. They should have known better. For all her fine sensitivity, they were worlds apart, and even a love like theirs could not close that void. Somehow she never let him forget that she had been born in the prop room of a second-rate theatre, and that her too histrionic mother had gone dramatic and died during the delivery. Nor did he forget that her father had been the black sheep of a really blue-blooded family.

It was not a personal matter so much as a matter of contact. Other people quite naturally looked askance when she crumbled her crackers in her soup, or inquired about the butler's baby. Even that would have been all right, except for the way she, herself, took the matter. Many nights after the last guest had gone she would go into perfect tantrums of temper, not unlike April's stormy weather. She would stamp her feet and say terrible things about his friends. He would agree with her usually. He loved her. And then she was so pathetically vindictive against an unkindly destiny that just hadn't meant her to live on the right side of town. Always, after those outbursts she would be humiliated, and very contrite, and say many times, "It's just you." Silly reason, but she seemed to think it sufficient.

One night after one of her outbursts she left. Just picked up her hat and a pocketbook, and one of his smelly old pipes, and walked quietly out the door. That was all. Some time later his lawyers notified him that divorce proceedings were in progress, and somehow one of those nice, quiet

divorces was effected. He didn't oppose the suit. He didn't even see her. He supposed that she knew what she was doing.

He's seen her around town several times since, but never to speak to. The last time was in one of those beer palaces on 42nd street. She was singing one of those husky blues songs that was much too powerful for that slender body, but the patrons seemed to like it. He couldn't tell about her. Her mouth was moving all the time, and that left only her eyes to show anything. And that was bad, because her eyes had always puzzled him. He couldn't tell whether they were laughing or crying.

VIOLETS

Violets, you bring the memory of happy days
When I was a fairy teacher of six
And you were my pupils in purple and green.
Purple were the girls, and green were the boys,
And fair was the little girl-teacher.
No dull lessons, nor stuffy class-rooms
Were in this school, you see, but only
The green grass and the pale sky above,
And the wind whistling with glee.
We danced and sang and played with the breeze,
Violets, you and I,
'Till supper time came
And the happy teacher called,
"Class is dismissed, dear pupils.
Good night!"

J. Pearson

MID-WINTER NIGHT

Ruth Freeman

One charred stick of persimmon wood lay smoking on the back of the soot-blackened fireplace, and under it burned a small chunk of pine. One tiny yellow blaze flickered intermittently. A tall iron poker leaned dejectedly against the smoked jamb. Peanut shells litered the hearth and a charred orange peel peeped from beneath the soft, gray, flakey ashes that stirred restlessly over the fading coals.

I sat down to meditate.

It was the peaceful time of day—the family had retired. That is, all the family had retired save one sister who has always faithfully waited for me to come to bed with her. She was slumped on a heavy, cumbersome rocking chair—that has the habit of leaking sawdust at inopportune moments—with one foot, minus a shoe, swinging across the other knee and the other foot on the hearth amidst the peanut shells. Her glasses had slipped down on her nose, which glistened in the light, and her chin was propped in her hand. She was conscientiously reading in a big blue book —Tolstoi's *War and Peace.*

The clock on the wall behind me ticked monotonously.

On a child's small rocking chair in the corner hung a miniature pair of overalls, crumpled blue rompers and a brown sweater. One sock dangled from the arm; the other one was tucked in the mouth of one of the two small shoes under the chair.

Beside the small chair was a heap of rich pine splinters, a part of the day-before-yesterday's newspaper, and an armload of wood—evidences of papa's forethought for the cold morning.

Nearby was a table, the cover highly decorated with an ink blot, littered with books—*New Plane Geometry, General Science,* a *New French Grammar,* and Jack London's *Sea Wolf;* a broken "yo-yo," pencil stubs, some bolts and nails; the running works of a watch; and a rusty spigot.

The piano was strewn with every kind of music imaginable, from Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" to "Let's Fall in Love." Three hymn books, a Bible, two mottoes, and a vase that one of the girls had painted adorned its top.

On the piano bench sat a large Korean basket with a piece of blue and white cloth just visible over the edge. Three gilt stars and a thimble had fallen to the floor.

The hearth broom lay near the center of the room, and close by was a dirty rag doll, made from a dish towel.

On the seat of a chair nearest me sat a tray containing two oranges, a small apple, a dozen or so misshapen peanuts, and a pocket knife.

A bulging suitcase leaned against the wall for support—Lillian and her baby were planning to leave at daybreak the next morning.

On the four remaining chairs and on the settee was draped all manner of wearing apparel, and hanging from the back of one were two pairs of dark brown hose, freshly laundered and still dripping.

The mantle was cluttered with everything imaginable that was small enough to be put on it. There were a bottle of alcohol, a box of matches, a photograph of the newest addition to the family—a nephew—letters, a diary, car keys, and a hundred other small articles.

It was amidst these surroundings that I pondered. And the gist of my meditations were: "Oh, what a family! Oh, what a room! How messy we are! We live in an eternal mad rush with scarcely time to breathe—and for what reason? We spend dollars in postage stamps and hundreds of dollars for traveling expenses to keep in touch with the far-away members who, when they come, are merely an inconvenience to the ones living at home. Each member is forced to lend a sympathetic ear to the troubles and triumphs of the others. And what do we accomplish? Oh, *what* a family."

I looked at the fire again. The coals had become fluttering, restless ashes. Only the blackened stick of persimmon that had been too green to burn was left. But the andirons stod up tall and straght, their shoulders square and their feet out. I hastily glanced about the room. Each article that contributed to the "mess" had some sentiment attached. I loved everything in the room, from the overalls of my two-year-old nephew to the sermon of my oldest brother that was on top of mother's Bible. One of the letters on the mantel held a precious check for my tuition at school. Why, the very clothes I wore were the castoffs of the family. The hole in papa's "every-day" hat winked at me from its nail behind the door, and Tommy's overturned shoe grinned at me.

"Kate!" I cried, enthusiastically, "let's sweep the peanut shells off the hearth and have a family reunion!"

She looked up at me with a startled expression and said sternly:

"It's time you were in bed."

THREE SKETCHES

JANE JONES

LETTER WRITING

How I write a letter depends entirely on my mood of the moment and the prson to whom I am writing. However, there are a few rules to which I adhere. For instance, I write nearly all my letters at night just after the study hour has begun. I probably choose this time because it is at night—especially when studies confront me—that I have the keenest desire to be elsewhere, and see the people I like. Having chosen the time, I begin an elaborate preparation. First, I select the stationary I am to use because I invariably fit the paper to the personality of my correspondent. I spend the next five minutes trying to overcome my fatal weakness for green ink. Except in rare cases, I end—or, should I say start—by using green ink. Thus, I find myself at the end of about fifteen minutes with paper, pen and ink before me. Yet, I feel a queer reluctance in beginning. I dodge the issue by moving my desk lamp about, pretending that I am trying to get a better light.

After a few minutes of such futility I seize my pen and write the heading. But a heading is merely a heading. It is the salutation that gives my finger nails that bitten-off look, and my fountain pen that discouraged air. Of course, if the letter is to my family, or to my girl friends, the salutation is fairly simple, but if it is to a boy it is a matter of gravest importance. The salutation depends on the boy, the tone of his last letter, how much I like him, or, rather, how much I want him to think I like him. The salutation being composed, the next step is the composition of the body of the letter. Concerning this part, I always start with a definite plan, and the best of intentions. These good intentions usually last until I reach the second paragraph, from which I ramble off ecstatically in all possible directions. The result is that my letters are paragons of incoherence and lack of unity. Their redeeming feature is their certain emphasis. The final step is the complimentary ending with which I deal as I do with the salutations. Without reading the letter, I seal it, and sigh righteously. Five minutes after stamping it, I think of something very important that I should say, with which I tear the letter up and start all over again.

WAVES OF SOUND

It is late. Light bell rang a long time ago, and the dormitory is quiet, save for the penetrating, incessant tick of the clock. I turn off my light and pad silently across the room to open the windows. When I fling them up the night noise rushes into the room like a sea suddenly loosed. In spite of my best intentions not to do so, I sink down on the window seat and give myself up to the night and its noises. At first the dark speaks in a blurred murmur. Gradually its sounds grow apart and assume identity. To the north the city speaks. There is the rhythmic rumble of the street cars, one giving place to the next in queer, linked-up cadence. There is the steady hum of an aeroplane somewhere in the vastness above me. Far off in the distance I hear the swift shuffle of a freight train. Its plaintive wail floats out over the night, stilling, momentarily, the even more plaintive howls of the dogs. The train recedes into nothingness, its faint moan carrying my heart with it. As it dies away the aeroplane circles nearer, the wind rushes at its wings, and with a final yell it starts to land. Suddenly, the engines are hushed, and the ensuing silence is thunderous. A car speeds along the road; the motor spits with every third revolution. Across the campus comes fitful snatches of "St. Louis Blues"—result of a nocturnal headache. A locust pops its gum in a tree near by. The wind moans softly, and somewhere an owl makes melancholy comment on the night.

PASTEL

You could feel the quietness in the room. It was a reverent, potent quietness that flowed in and around you, and made your breath come in awed little catches. It made you fearful of moving, of even thinking very loudly. It was a pink and blue quietness that might have been the soul of the room. There was so very little in that room, and yet, it was so radiant. Bare, white walls. A chair or two. A chiffonier that lost its ordinariness under a shower of pink rosebuds. There were two dozen of the rosebuds, exquisite, and a little ethereal. Their sublime fragrance blended with the smell of anesthetics, filling the

room with an odd half-heaven, half-earth enchantment. The scent did not escape through the open window, nor did any sound of the world outside enter therein, save the half-hushed drone of the bees in the hollyhocks. But through that window poured the sunlight, bright, beautiful, ecstatic. It glowed lightly over the roses, against the white walls and came at last to the white iron bed, to the woman who lay there. It caught in the folds of her blue bed jacket, and in the waves of her amber hair. It slid mercifully over the weary, spent lines of the alabaster face to the deep-shadowed blue eyes and found there a peaceful, happy, holy light. It played softly on the curve of a wan, alabaster arm and rested, at last, on the pink, pink face of a new-born baby.

Lullaby

Wind, wind, wind,
The weary bones
Feel themselves
Sinking, sinking, sinking
Into softness like down.
A faint, sweet breeze
Fanning, fanning, fanning,
Soothes a perplexed mind.
Covers drawn protectingly close,
So snug, so snug, so snug.
Night noises whisper
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

J. Pearson

EARLY MORNING IN NORTH HALL

MARGARET TROBAUGH

I closed my eyes against the glare and immediately the incessant shrill chirping of the sparrows outside my window beat upon my ears like a thousand tiny hammers. In the street near by the impatient honk of a truck and the rattle of an early morning street car clanked in mechanical discord. There was a thump overhead as the more studious than I sprang out of bed. Following this there was a series of noises most irritating to one attempting to sleep late. There was the clap of loose mules and the pad of soft slippers making a path directly above me. There was the dull rhythm of a rocking chair on a squeaky plank, and then the light splash of water in a basin. With a plunge into my pillow I managed to stop the functions of one ear, but little things kept attracting the attention of its stubbornly alert partner. Surely the street cars were running oftener than usual, for another clank and breathy sigh announced the stopping of one of those vehicles at the corner. The loose mules in the room above seemed to be chasing the soft slippers around the various articles of furniture in such a race as is seldom heard in the early morning. The chase ended with a gasp on the squeakily complaining bed amid much smothering of giggles and complaining of springs. An answering equeak from my room mate's bed and the determined ticking of my clock brought me to a decision. I flung the covers off and added the tap of my shoes to the morning hubbub, wondering whether that rooster in the distance were as proud of his early rising as he sounded, or if he, like me, had decided to make the best of a bad situation.

JEANNIE'S SONG

MARIE BURTON

The song was just another popular song, but the way she sang it, in her sweet, husky voice, gave it all the meaning a song of love could hold. She stood on tip-toe to reach the mike, eyes half-closed, body gently swaying to the soft rhythm. The song was her soul poured out to him who lay in a hospital, slowly recovering from a long illness that would leave him a semi-invalid for the rest of his life. They had been so gay and young—and so in love—and then this terrible illness had overtaken him. Only a week ago she had learned the truth, and that he would not allow her to tie herself down and waste her youth caring for him. No argument she could offer, nothing she could say would change him from his decision. She knew he remained steadfast in his belief that he was doing right. And now the girl was pouring her heart out to him—trying to tell him in the words of the song that she needed him. The song went out over the air, carrying with it the despair mingled with the hope of the young girl that he would hear and understand.

* * * *

In a railroad station a young man, buying his ticket for a western state, stopped suddenly at the sound of a young girl's voice coming in over the radio, singing a song that brought back memories, thoughts he was running away from. Ticket in hand, he turned toward a bench and sat down to wait for his train. As he listened to the soft voice, he went back over the past week in his mind—remembering every little detail as it had happened.

The meeting with Julia had been at a party given by one of his old college chums, and he had been immediately struck by her beauty and freshness. It had been a case of love at first sight for him, and apparently for her, also. At least, he had thought she loved him, until——

"Oh, well, no use to go into details again," he mumbled to himself. "I was mistaken, that's all.

He looked up to find a man staring curiously at him, and then he realized that he had been talking aloud. Pulling his hat down over his eyes and settling himself more comfortably, he continued his thoughts.

He had never thought that he could be so completely "taken in" by one so spoiled. He had been "taken in," however; he knew that. And that was what he wanted to forget—the hold this girl had on him. But, somehow, it was mighty hard to forget—this song made him think that perhaps he had been a little hasty and had expected too much from one accustomed to the life she had led. After all, he did set rather high standards—and so far Julia had met them. Their companionship and love had been perfect. Should he allow a little thing to keep him from all the happiness that he knew lay before him with her? He laughed sheepishly to himself:

"What's wrong with me? Do you suppose this fool song could be 'getting me'?"

The voice continued—funny, it did sound a little like Julia when she sometimes sang to him. He couldn't get away from it—the effect this song had on him. He suddenly arose, gathered his bags, and beckoned to a red-cap:

"Say, Buddy, will you get me a cab? I've changed my mind. And hurry, will you?"

* * * *

The loud notes of a radio filled the tiny barber shop in a crowded section of town. In one of the chairs was a young man getting a shave. He lay with his eyes closed, lost in thought. There was slowly formulating in his mind his part in a plan for the robbery of one of the largest jewelry stores in the city. He had never done anything like this before, but last night he had met up with two old friends he had not seen in years. They had told him their plan and asked him to go in with them. He had been out of work so long that he immediately seized upon the idea of making a little "easy cash." Then he and Doris could get married—a swell idea! He was to let them know tonight, and his answer would be "Yes." Everything was fixed, except for the actual getting of the money. Then he and Doris would "skip"—he could tell her something about having a lucky break. She believed in him so much that it would go over big. He moved impatiently in the chair, eager to get it over with. The announcer's voice came from the air:

"And now here, folks, is little Jeannie Holmes, the personality girl. Her first number will be a late song, sung for the first time over this station—'Lilacs in the Moonlight.' We hope you like it."

The words of the song ate slowly into the consciousness of the young man. The happy days of the past summer came back to him—the many times he and Doris had gone out into the country to her mother's home. Even now he could still recall the odor of the lilacs on the porch. She had

told him she loved him because he was clean and fine—but this thing he was about to do was neither fine nor clean. Should he let this interfere with his scheme? The song continued, but the young man was thinking of another girl and what she meant to him. He couldn't do a thing like this even to marry her. When the barber had finished, the young man put on his coat and hat, and turning to the barber as he left the shop he said:

"Tell Spider and Jack that—I'm sorry—just that. They'll know what you mean. I think I'll go over and see Doris."

* * * *

The room was shaded and quiet, street noises came faintly through the window. Outside in the hall the busy life of a hospital was being carried on. But in the dim room a young man lay thinking. He had been so doubtful lately—doubtful of everything. Once he had been sure, all that he had dreamed he would be; and then this had happened, blasting his tiny world to pieces. He had refused to see Jeannie for so long, bcause he knew that once he saw her all his resolves to give her up would fall. She was so necessary to him—but he simply couldn't pull her into a thing like this —it just wasn't sporting! He turned the radio on and lit a cigarette, hoping to escape from his thoughts. A girl was singing—he had forgotten that this was Jeannie's afternoon on the air. She was singing not with just her voice, but all the appeal of her beauty and youth entered the room with her song. It seemed to the man on the bed that she was speaking to him—telling him how much she loved him. It was going to be hard as the deuce to give her up. Funny, what an effect just her voice could have on him. He felt his resolves slipping—maybe he could see her just once more —he couldn't let that happen—but he seemed to have no control. Suddenly, he wanted to see her, terribly. The song had ended, but it still was there in the room with him—all about him, taunting him, making him weaken.

The door softly opened. He did not even turn to see who it was—probably one of the nurses.

"Tom—did you like my song?" a voice he knew and loved whispered.

His eagerness to hear and see her overcame the last of his resolves, and he turned to her.

"Yes, Jeannie. And you sang it just for me."

BOOK REVIEWS

TICKLING FEET

Do you have a gypsy heart and feet that fairly tickle to be on the dusty, care-free road? Do you have lips that sing a vagabond song and a soul that keeps flight with the vagrant birds? Through *The Royal Road to Romance,* by Richard Halliburton, you will be able to satisfy your wanderlust right in your own home, and with no extra strain on the nigh-empty pocketbook.

Mr. Halliburton tells his story in a most interesting and amusing style. You will travel with him from the beginning to the ending. From sombre Liverpool to frivolous Paris; from gay Madrid to romantic Venice. Go to Switzerland with Mr. Halliburton and climb the Alps for the rich reward of a sunrise. Sail the Mediterranean and visit plastic Athens and colorful Angora. See the darkest African jungles with the throb of excitement and danger in your pulse, although you're sitting by your own safe fireside. Follow closely the lavish wedding and funeral ceremonies. See life through a pagan's eyes. Discover the only spot in the world where polygamy is practised. Idle away sunny hours by a silvery river. Grow numb with cold and fright as you climb with Mr. Halliburton to the cap of a snow-covered mountain—a thing heretofore almost unbelievable. . . . . Lie back among pillows and sail calmly down yellow streams while a gay gondolier sings mellow love songs to you. Perhaps he's Italian, perhaps he's African. Still, though different languages, you will find a common note of tenderness, for both have the same deep undertone. Hear, too, even in the black heart of Africa, the eternal symphony—the lullaby. Understand the universality of the Human Race.

All these rich adventures and heart-pounding thrills pave *The Royal Road to Romance,* and if you really have a gypsy heart, and if you really have tickling feet and a flighty soul—you'll pick up your tooth brush and knapsack and start on the dusty vagabond road, with a song on your lips and the sun in your eyes—to travel joyously down *The Royal Road to Romance.*

HAZEL HERNDON

EXCHANGES

Upon looking through a collection of literary magazines from different colleges, it becomes evident that the great majority of undergraduate editors are working under a common handicap, an idea prevalent among students that a literary magazine exists for a privileged few. School papers can usually be assured of student support and coöperation, but the literary magazine is viewed as a thing apart. Consequently most of the contributions come, of necessity, from members of the staff, and the contents have little variety from month to month.

* * * * * *

We sometimes wonder if the qualifying adjective could be the cause of the awe which so many students seem to feel for the literary magazine. Does it bring to mind the timeless campus legend about the existence of budding geniuses with rapt expressions and trunk trays full of unfinished novels? Such individuals, if they exist, are certainly not the mainstay of college magazines—staff members of which are much more likely to be overworked student government representatives, hockey managers, or inveterate week-enders.

* * * * And while we are the first to admit that a great deal of activity is stimulated by the publication of each issue, we also believe that such activity should be spontaneous and not confined to the staff of the magazine."

—Taken from the *Aurora* of Agnes Scott College.

Is the SCEPTRE one of the literary magazines mentioned by the *Aurora* in the above editorial? Queens-Chicora students are quite frequently guilty of lack of co-operation to their literary magazine, the *Sceptre.* Like the *Aurora,* we want our students to outgrow the idea of ultra-selectness. So take heed, Queens-Chicora students, lest more of you get in the same boat!

WHO'S WHO

The staff of the *Sceptre* is very glad to have in this issue an article by one of the most distinguished members of the faculty. Miss Alma Edwards, who is head of the Latin department at the college, comes to us for the first time with her article with the very hard title, but she has had previous work published in well known classical magazines. Miss Edwards was president of the North Carolina Association of Latin Teachers last year.

Margaret Trobaugh found time from her duties as president of the sophomore class, and president of her sorority, and numerous other activities to submit the sketch that is published in this issue of the *Sceptre*. She should certainly know about 'morning in North hall' since she spent her Freshman year there. Margaret has had previous experience in writing while working with her high school papers.

Hazel Herndon needs no introduction, having done previous work for the *Sceptre*.

Florence Moffett is the author of the charming sketch of the Chinese Easter. Florence is well known to the *Sceptre* readers not only through former contributions, but through her outstanding work on the campus.

Katherine McLesky's poem speaks for itself. One knows immediately that she has had enough experience in writing for high school, college, and national magazines to escape the classification, amateur.

Jessie Pearson has worked in high school papers down at Central, and has continued her own peculiarly efficient work since enrolling at Queens.

We all knew that Marie Burton was very good in her work with the dramatic department, so we were not surprised when she employed that flair for drama in "Jeannie's Song" and joined the *literati* of the college.

Eve Hill is another one of our regular contributors, and needs no further comment.

Virginia Sampson proved that one can edit a publication as prosaic as a college newspaper, and still be poetic when she wrote the poem, "Music" which appears in this issue.

Jane Jones is a sophomore who is quite evidently still enthralled by the well known Townend personality, and under the exhilerating influence of Mrs. Lyons. If the readers like her work she may be back; if not she will go back into iblivion from whence she came.

HUNTER FLORAL

207 S. Tryon St.

Phone 7475

When Fashions Change— Turn to Ivey's

For authentic interpretations —carried out in the good taste and good quality a college girl demands. Form the "Ivey's" habit and you will always look your best.

J. B. IVEY & CO.

POUND & MOORE'S

Gift Shop

"Gifts for all Occasions"

See Our New
Favors, Cards, Place Cards

Efird's
DEPARTMENT STORE
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Where **Queens** Finds
"Quality With Price"

Engraved Visiting Cards
Commencements
Wedding Invitations
and Announcements

W. A. BUENING & CO.
127 *S. Church St.*
Charlotte, N. C.

Compliments

of

Queen City Coach Co.
Charlotte, N. C.

DAVIDSON & WOLFE

Wholesale Grocers

323 South College St..
Charlotte, N. C.

MORRIS & BARNES, INC.

Market of Quality

Successors to
Felix Hayman

Specialties: Calf Sweetbreads, Brains and Liver, Ox Tongue, Tripe, Pickled Pigs Feet, Game in season, Choice Western Meats, Fish and Oysters, Dressed Poultry, All kinds of Sausages, Full Line of Delicatessen.

227 W. Trade Street

Dial 3-116

The Finer Things of Life

- Literature
- Art
- Music
- Electrical

Servants—which afford leisure time for pleasure and entertainment.

Southern Public Utilities Co.

Pleasing Spring and Easter Footwear for College Women

Gilmer-Moore Co.
116 South Tryon

Announcing

OUR NEW SPORTSHOP

LUCIELLE SHOPS
Tryon at Fifth Streets

Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters

KALE-LAWING CO.
"Everything for the Office"
225 S. Tryon St.

Schrafft's Chocolates
Always Fresh

CARTER-COLTON CIGAR COMPANY
Wholesale Only
218 South College Street

AS THEY SEE US

I admire your open-minded attitude. The aforesaid quality is, in my mind, your first necessary step toward a better magazine for the future. Having read your past issues of *The Sceptre,* I take note of many quoted passages. With three hundred students as possibilities for original material, with the aid of a well-organized English Department—where is our student talent? I suggest an original drama of one, two, or three acts.

Could we not make use of some of the freshmen themes? We need variety in our magazine.

Is it not possible for students to furnish the needed material for publication without having to rely upon the faculty for help? A student publication should maintain at all times a self-reliant spirit—a willingness to submit student talent. "In tota" there is lack of interest on the part of the students themselves.

In the October issue I note an excessive amount of poetical material. In the December issue there is a sameness of subject matter. The real personal touch is lacking. Who among us is willing to add that personal touch?

M. M.

We would all look forward to small word-pictures of everyday experience: sounds objects, the very atmosphere. There is in each moment around us here some "homely thing," some bit of beauty, some poignant sound, or emotion, which swell our hearts to longing that we might in some form hold these bits within our souls, 'lest in the next moment they slip away. Will not some of our "Who's Who" in campus literary circles catch and give to us a few of these moments; since for some of us the days here are now numbered, and we shall be trying in vain to call them back before our eyes.

S. E.

In looking over the Christmas edition of *The Sceptre,* there seems to me to be a lack of selective organization. A descriptive sketch—a story—another sketch—a semi-biographical article! In my opinion, more arbitrary grouping would relieve that surprisingly heterogeneous effect. The article on *King Edward VII* could have been included, with increased effectiveness, in the *Book Review* section.

The various articles are excellent, but new literary types might bring increased interest. Could we not find on our campus at least *one* embryonic genius to augment the splendid work done by present contributors? This augmentation might take any one of several forms. Dr. Blair's play for a familiar essayist is at once timely and suggestive. It is this informal touch which we lack in our literary magazine and in other college productions of similar nature. A need such as this, can be met only by increased contributions from the school at large. Perhaps a contest would arouse some interest and enable the editor to ferret out some of the talent now "hiding in a bushel!"

The thrift - minded Young Graduate will invest her Savings Wisely.

We suggest shares in

Mechanics Perpetual Building & Loan Association

116 East Fourth St.

Established 1883

DRESSES
Smart, Wearable, Unusual
at
$7.95

BELK BROS. CO.
Charlotte, N. C.

Specializing in all Branches of Beauty Culture

Mrs. R. S. Reynolds
Nina's Beauty Nook
114½ S. Tryon St.

Phone 3-2147

Breakfast 7:30 to 9 A. M.
Lunch 12 to 2:30 P. M.
Dinner 5:30 to 8 P. M.

Ann's Dining Room
116 West 5th Street
Charlotte, N. C.